

*The Chronicle History*

*Alice.* La main madam de han.  
*Kate.* E da bras.  
*Alice.* De arma madam.  
*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma,  
*Alice.* Owe Madam.  
*Kate.* E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.  
*Alice.* De neck, e de cin, Madam.  
*Kate.* E de neck, e de cin, e de code.  
*Alice.* De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,  
 Le tude, o de elbo Madam.  
*Kate.* Ecowte Ie reherfere, towte cella que Iac apoandre,  
 De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.  
*Alice.* De elbo Madam.  
*Kate.* O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecounte Ie recontera  
 De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.  
*Alice.* May foy Madam, vou parla au se bon Angloy,  
 Alic vous aues etrue en Englatara.  
*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur  
 Coman se pella vou le peide le robe.  
*Alice.* Le foot, e le con.  
*Kate.* Le foot, e le con, O Iesu! Ie ne veu point parler,  
 Sie plus deuant le cho cheualires de franca,  
 Pur one million ma foy.  
*Alice.* Madam, de foote, e le con.  
*Kate.* O et ill ausie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,  
 De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.  
*Alice.* Cet fort bon Madam.  
*Kate.* A loues a diner.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the  
 Dolphin, and Bourbon.*

*King.* Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.  
*Con.* Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs.  
 (The emptying of our fathers luxury)

*Out-*

*of Henry*

Outgrow their grafters.  
*Bur.* Normanes, bastard N  
 And if they passe vnfought w  
 lesell my Dukedome for a f  
 In that short nooke Ile of Er  
*Con.* Why whence haue th  
 Is not their Climate raw, fog  
 On whom, as in disdaine, the  
 Can barley broth, a drench fo  
 Their sodden water decockt  
 And shall our quicke blood,  
 Seeme frosty? O for honour  
 Let vs not hang like frozen I  
 Vpon our houses tops, while  
 Sweate drops of youthfull bl  
*King.* Constable dispatch,  
 To know what willing ranso  
 Sonne *Dolphin*, you shall stay  
*Dol.* Not so, I do beseech y  
*King.* Well, I say it shall be

*Enter Gower*

*Gower.* How now Captaine  
 Come you from the bridge?  
*Flew.* By Iesus there's exce  
 the bridge?  
*Gower.* Is the Duke of Exe  
*Flew.* The Duke of Exeter  
 And I honour, and I worship  
 And my heart, and my life,  
 And my lands, and my liuing  
 And my uttermost powers.  
 The Duke is looke you,  
 God be praised and pleased f  
 No harme in the worrell.